



WHAT kind of a lunch do the children have at school?

THE Thermos School Kit is just what is needed—a sanitary metal box for sandwiches and fruit, and the **Thermos Bottle** for hot chocolate, hot soup, cold milk or other beverages.

THERMOS
THE BOTTLE

Serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold—when, where, and as you like.

EVERYONE has longed for the means of serving water at the dining room table so that it is cold, and that it remains so during the entire meal without ice in the water served. The Thermos Carafe is doing this in thousands of homes. Why not yours?

American Thermos Bottle Co.
35-37 West 31st Street, New York
Factory: Norwich, Conn.



DIAMONDS AND WATCHES ON CREDIT

SENSATIONAL WATCH SALE

ELGIN, HOWARD, WALTHAM or any Watch you want

Easy Payments and Free Trial, Great 96-page Catalog. Send for it.

GREAT DIAMOND SALE

SPECIAL \$39.50 GENUINE DIAMOND RING

A Wonderful Value, \$4.50 per month

30 DAYS' TRIAL

The most astounding sale of perfect cut Diamonds ever offered.

TERMS LOW AS \$1.50 PER MONTH

No Money Down, Express Paid

ALFRED WARE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 553

Free Catalog

THERE IS A DEMAND FOR PROFESSIONALLY TRAINED NURSES

The Superintendent of Nurses invites a few intelligent, earnest young women to write to her.

A three-year course in maternity, medical, eye and ear, and X-ray departments.

Interested young women send your questions without obligation to Sup't of Nurses, Washington Boulevard Hospital, 2449 Washington Boulevard, Chicago

AGENTS! Sell raincoats—new proposition. We deliver and collect. Cooper now earning \$65 weekly. Same coat free. **Cramer Mfg. Co., 1 Rapid St., Dayton, O.**

McHugh was saying. "Maybe you can help me. I want you to quit these tantrums in front of the others, but don't hesitate to come to yours truly with anything you hear or see or think. Now, that talk of yours about a cat yesterday. That got 'em all worked up. Say, you haven't felt anything like that this morning?"

"Yes, I have," she answered; "but not so close. After the way you took me yesterday, I knew there was no use speaking of it."

McHugh bobbed his head approvingly. "That's right—that's right. But come to me and ease your mind whenever you feel like it."

Resolution strengthened her face.

"All right then, Mr. McHugh. It's on your own head. When Mr. Carlton fell, I had a distinct feeling that a cat rushed past me, just as Woodford's cat did the night he died."

"Hm-m," McHugh mused. "That one sat there and fought and scratched, I hear. You're full of fancies, Dolly. Keep 'em from the rest of the company, but don't mind me. You come to me with 'em all."

Dolly was about to speak, when involuntarily Quaile sniffed again. Once more he felt himself on the point of giving that elusive, musty odor a name. He chanced to see Dolly's handkerchief on the table. It was suggestive. With a sense of discovery, he walked over, picked it up, and raised it to his face.

"Caught cold, Quaile?" McHugh asked. "That ain't yours."

BUT Dolly had run across and was pulling at his arm.

"What are you doing that for?" she cried.

He drew away, amazed at her anxiety. "Tell me why you do that?" she repeated.

"I scarcely know."

He turned to McHugh.

"Hasn't the smell of this place ever bothered you?"

McHugh shook his head.

"About what you get in most of the holes on the road."

"Tell me what you mean!" Dolly urged.

"I've never been able to describe it."

Quaile answered. "Just now, when I saw the handkerchief, it occurred to me that it had a hint of perfume. Then I realized that the scent might have been brought in by one of the company. I wondered if it was on your handkerchief."

Dolly breathed hard.

"Was it?" she asked.

He handed her the square of linen.

"Not the least like it. It was more like the shadow of an odor—what you might get from a glove or a handkerchief closed from the air for many years in an old box. That sounds quite absurd, I know, but perhaps you understand what I mean."

Dolly's lips trembled. "I understand."

"Then you've noticed it yourself?"

"Yes—last night, for instance. And I would know it sooner than you, for to me it is like a shadow—the shadow of the perfume he used."

Quaile stared.

"You're sure?"

"Quite."

"What's this?" McHugh asked, sniffing laboriously. "I don't smell any perfume."

You say, Dolly, it reminds you of the perfume Woodford used?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"That's curious," he said. "None of this foolishness in front of the company, but you come to me with all your cats and perfumes. I like to talk to you. Coming uptown, Quaile? Wilkins will be at the office to sign his contract."

In the alley McHugh beckoned Mike.

"Say, Mike, I know it's forty years ago, and you probably wouldn't have noticed such a thing anyway, but do you remember by any chance if your old boss used cologne?"

Mike's tired eyes turned with an appeal toward Quaile. It was evident he suspected the manager of crude and distasteful humor. Quaile read into the question nothing of the sort. He disliked, in fact, the very seriousness with which McHugh

had accepted Dolly's explanation of the odor.

"Talk up," McHugh said. "If you don't recollect, say so."

"I recollect," Mike answered slowly. "He did."

Quaile's curiosity was aroused. McHugh's questions made it seem possible that he already had a definite line of thought. If he had, he kept it to himself.

"I just talked to Dolly and Mike," he answered Quaile. "Got to start somewhere. Got to pretend to be at work on deep ideas. Don't you know that's the first necessity for a good detective? You seem to think I'm pretty good."

Wilkins was waiting in the outer office. Quaile shook hands with him, more than before convinced of the wisdom of McHugh's choice. The lively eyes, the complexion, ruddy and clean, the shoulders, which spread powerfully, all advertised an intolerance of the morbid and unhealthy.

McHugh's secretary thrust her head out of the inner room and beckoned the manager mysteriously.

"From what he told me," Wilkins said, when McHugh had disappeared, "you must have a neurasthenic lot down at Woodford's. Of course, Carlton's going the way he did was an awful shock. I'm glad I never knew him well. I'd have hated to step in his shoes under the circumstances."

"Probably you'll cheer us up," Quaile answered.

The secretary ran out with an air of flight.

"For heaving's sake, Mr. Quaile, the boss wants to bite somebody's head off, and he's asked for you."

Quaile hurried through. Within the sanctum he found McHugh, his face purple. His fists beat a tattoo on the desk-top. His glance was held by a copy of an early evening paper. Quaile, although he could not read them from where he stood, saw that the head-lines were arresting. McHugh lifted the sheet and thrust it in his direction. Then he saw:

MYSTERIOUS DEATH IN CITY'S OLDEST THEATER

"That will cause talk," Quaile said.

"Talk!" McHugh cried. "You talked too much last night, or else some of the company's been blabbing. All the spook stuff's in here."

"The story was certain to be raked up," Quaile answered. "Brutally, I don't see the harm. It's the first time I've ever known you to shrink from publicity."

"Hang the publicity!" McHugh roared. "The more the better, as far as the show's concerned. It's the Buncees—those old fossils that own the theater."

"The Buncees!" Quaile echoed, seeing light.

"Yes. Josiah's read this. Ethel said he'd just telephoned when we came in. Wants me to trot to his house double-quick."

He brought his fist down with a crash. "Am I at the beck and call of every Tom, Dick, and Harry?"

Quaile couldn't resist a smile.

"It's obvious you don't have to go."

McHugh stormed to his feet.

"I don't, don't I? That's all you know."

He scattered the papers on his desk. He stamped the length of the room.

"Do you think I'd be annoyed like this if I didn't? That gray-headed, shawl-wearing miser told Ethel if I didn't show up by noon he'd apply for an order vacating the lease. Pretty position for a first-class manager!"

"It's clear the Buncees don't like publicity," Quaile said. "Can't say I blame them, in this case."

McHugh took his hat.

"I got to go. I got to quiet them. You come along. I might need a witness."

He summoned his secretary.

"Wilkins' contract is all right," he directed. "See that he signs it, and tell him to report at the theater by two o'clock."

He struggled into his overcoat, and set forth with the air of an early martyr.

During the short journey he refused to be comforted.

"I'll take it to court if they make me. I've said I would see this thing through, and, by gad, I will."

Bunce sat, more wrapped and huddled than at their first visit, in his easy chair. His shawl was awry. He frowned at McHugh. With an angry wave of the hand, he pointed to a sleek figure before the fire.

"Mr. Arbuthnot," the old man announced. "I had my brother Robert send up his lawyer. Seemed safer, dealing with theatrical people. Now, what have you got to say for yourself, bringing a bad name on our property?"

McHugh's jaw shot out.

"I've got plenty to say, but if there's to be lawyers, I'll say mine in court, where it'll cost you more than it's worth to hear it."

Arbuthnot moved toward the door.

"I gather," he said, "that my presence is un congenial to the cultured dramatic profession. Do you wish me to go, Mr. Bunce?"

"Yes, yes," Bunce answered testily; "I'll hear what he has to say. I don't want to be unjust. We can always go to court."

He picked with diffidence at his shawl.

"I suppose you'll charge for this?"

The lawyer turned at the door, smiling.

"It's customary—wounded feelings and all."

Josiah attempted a cumbersome humor.

"Then you'd better look to Mr. McHugh."

His smile receded into a sly geniality.

"You send your bill to Robert. Mr. Arbuthnot; I don't know much about such things."

The lawyer staged a courtly bow and vanished.

"**I WISH** to the devil your brother was here," McHugh grunted.

"You needn't try to come around Robert because he's easy-going," Bunce warned. "He leaves these things to me, and any fool can see you're hurting my property. I don't like my real estate to get a bad name. I like it kept clean."

"Why do you blame Mr. McHugh?" Quaile asked.

Bunce grasped the arms of his chair.

"Isn't it enough to have another man die on the property? Has he got to manufacture ghost stories to advertise his show?"

Quaile started to interrupt, but McHugh motioned him to silence.

"I'll tend to this, although you can witness that I told the company last night to keep its mouth shut."

He broke into a loud defense. He expatiated on his own surprise when his secretary had shown him the paper.

"You come right down to it," he ended. "the shoe's on the other foot. If there's any kick coming, it's from me to you. If the lease is to be broken, I have the say, and there ain't a court in the State that wouldn't uphold me."

Bunce signaled a negative.

"I told you about the stories."

"They were gas," McHugh said.

"Yes," Bunce conceded. "Nothing like this ever happened before."

McHugh discarded his fighting manner. He spoke earnestly:

"There's something wrong with that property of yours, Bunce. These stories aren't all fakes. You close the house now, and it'll never open again. But if I stay, I'll make it clean or become a doddering idiot, believing in spirits. Maybe you don't know what I've been telling Quaile. I was a darned good plain-clothes cop in my day, and I'm at work on this business. I'm more interested in that now than in making money out of the joint. If you love your property, Bunce, you'd better ask me to stay."

Bunce's gray, unkempt brows gathered. He reflected for a long time.

"I want to be fair," he quavered at last. "I thought you were playing advertising tricks with my property. You act as if you meant what you said. I'll give you another chance."

McHugh grasped the hairy hand.

"You're something of a sport after all, Bunce."

Having rendered his verdict, the old